And Now Sargent Shriver *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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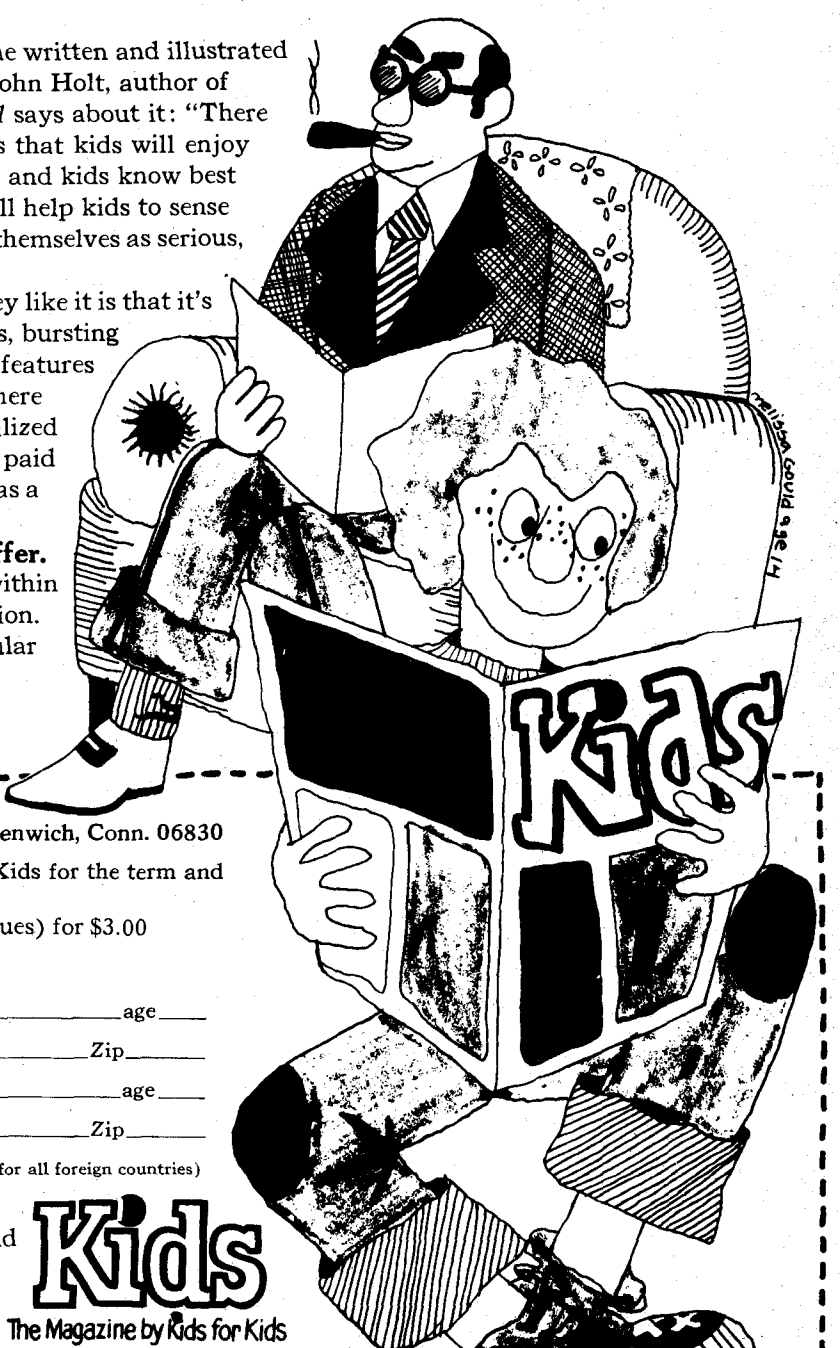

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TRB

from Washington
August 19, 1972

Moral Novocain

Harry Truman's military aide, General Vaughan, got a deepfreeze from a grateful client and the scandal rocked Washington. General Eisenhower's assistant, Sherman Adams, received a vicuna coat; he had to resign, of course. But now under President Nixon we have five men with electronic equipment and apparently paid by Republicans, arrested at gunpoint in the dead of night in the Democratic national headquarters, and we tend to smile at it. The very name, "the Watergate Caper," tells how funny it is. How Puritan we all were back in the days of Harry and Ike; how our sensibilities have changed. Those were pretty innocent days, weren't they? Those were the days, for example, before the Vietnam war. That has been a depressing influence. There has been an ethical letdown on a lot of things as we gradually reach moral exhaustion over the slaughter and all those bombs we are dropping on naked peasants. Ugh, let's not think of it. And the protective cynicism we have assumed over Vietnam extends into other fields of government. Hell, that's politics.

Take the dairy farmers' political action groups who contributed $72,500 to the Republican party in the last four months of 1971 through dummy organizations, during a period when the administration first announced there would be no increase in milk price support levels, and then abruptly and inexplicably reversed itself two weeks later. Who can say that there was any connection? And what droll names some of those dummy corporations took: one was "Volunteers for Good Government," another was "Americans United for Safer Streets."

And then there was the ITT caper. We can all chuckle over that. The huge corporation abruptly reached an out-of-court settlement with John Mitchell's Justice Department allowing it to keep the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, and simultaneously it agreed to guarantee $400,000 to the Republicans for their convention in San Diego. The antitrust division suddenly and inexplicably reversed its position. The head of the division was quickly made a judge. A little later Jack Anderson published a private memo from ITT's top Washington lobbyist, Dita Beard, declaring that "Mitchell is definitely helping us, but cannot let it be known. Please destroy this, huh." Under the Federal Lobbying Act of 1946, ITT is supposed to make a report on the money it spends for lobbying, but the law is a farce. ITT doesn't even register. Dita Beard reported personal expenditures under the law in 1971 of $7030. So that's the ITT story.

Then there was the cute trick of the Republicans of collecting $10 million in campaign funds from fat-cat contributors just before the new federal election disclosure law took effect April 7. Of course, after April 7 they could stand on moral principles about not violating their clients' right to privacy. It was hilarious. Who knows what shy and blushing oil and steel and ITT donors there are behind that sacred veil of anonymity? McGovern made public all his contributors, of course, before and after April 7, but that man is a dangerous radical, without any sense of humor.

Entertaining, eh? Well, now we come to the real laugh, the Watergate Caper. Just to make it easier to follow here are the *dramatis personae:*

There's Frank Wills, the watchman, who got $5 added to his $80 a week income for calling the police, Saturday night, June 17. And there's Ernie Prete, the straight man you need in any detective mystery, who arrested five intruders wearing rubber gloves in the seventh-floor suite of Democratic headquarters, all equipped with bugging and camera apparatus.

James W. McCord, Jr., security coordinator for the Committee to Reelect the President (CRP), one of the arrested five intruders. Fired by CRP.

Bernard Barker, head of the five; records show he made at least 15 phone calls to CRP; had in a bank account $89,000 apparently from CRP, plus $25,000 from a cashier's check apparently intended for Mr. Nixon's campaign chest, made out to Maurice Stans, former Commerce Secretary and now GOP national finance chairman. Stans says he gave the check to Liddy (see below).

E. Howard Hunt, Jr., novelist and man of mystery, former CIA agent, former $100-a-day White House consultant; two intruders carried papers with his name, and "White House." He has disappeared.

Charles W. Colson, special counsel of Mr. Nixon, described in *The Wall Street Journal* last October as "Nixon Hatchet Man/Chuck Colson Handles/President's Dirty Work." He recruited Hunt as White House assistant. Still at work.

G. Gordon Liddy, ex-FBI agent; once ran for Congress; counsel to CRP finance committee; refused to answer questions; fired.

Hugh W. Sloan, Jr., ex-White House Staff; campaign finance aide to Stans in 1968 when latter headed Nixon-Agnew finance operation as now. Treasurer of CRP. He has resigned.

John Mitchell, former Nixon campaign manager; called Democratic $1 million suit over break-in a "political stunt," then retired for family reasons.

Ronald Ziegler, White House press secretary; dismissed episode as "third rate burglary."

Maurice Stans, national finance chairman; was initially unavailable as his secretary told reporters he is "a very busy man," who is "tightly scheduled" with "appointments every hour."

President Nixon, who, unlike Ike who had 193 press conferences, and Truman, who had 322—where reporters asked them about deepfreezes and vicuna coats—has held only 26 press conferences in 3½ years and isn't asked about the Watergate Caper.

Some people get indignant about things like this. They had much better relax and keep down their blood pressures. Look at the people who get excited about Vietnam. A year or two ago the kids were all hot and bothered. Now they have calmed down, thank goodness. Maybe they are learning the value of keeping quiet when they can't change things. The public doesn't want the war; the Congress doesn't want the war, but it has to be fought because the Pentagon and the President say so. The kids should learn to work within the system. Mr. Nixon is bringing the boys home—all, that is but the 20,000 killed while he was in office. He has a slick, marvelous reelection machine and can fly in the 100 beautiful Republican pom-pom girls as often as is necessary.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 167, No. 6 & 7, Issue 3006 & 3007, August 19 & 26, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12, and August 26, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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And Now Shriver

"The number two man goes along for the ride," Richard Nixon wrote in *Six Crises*, "doing his best to stir up the party faithful but making no major pronouncements." It is a tough part for men like Sargent Shriver to play. "A great executive, though not a tidy administrator," a former Peace Corps aide, Harris Wofford, describes him. "He can release energy [in others] in a way I've never seen anyone else do." Bill Moyers, who also served with Shriver in the Peace Corps, calls him "one of the few natural leaders I've ever known." If McGovern seems oriented to issues, Shriver seems to feed on personalities, projects, immediate results. His contacts are legendary, and he is on a first-name basis with an extraordinary pool of talent—including thousands of young volunteers from his Peace Corps and OEO days. "He knows how to get quality people," Moyers says, "and he knows how to give them room to run."

At the Peace Corps and OEO he had a reputation for attracting fanatically loyal young-turk staffs. Some of his people saw him as an idea machine, a catalyst who prodded them, squeezed them dry of ideas, then spun off projects of his own. Even some who disliked Shriver worked overtime for him, night after night, though they still doubt if he is presidential timber. As one remarked several years back: "I've found that he's an instigator, that he's easily bored by the mundane jobs of administration . . . he's nuclear almost. Out of 20 ideas, two are absolutely brilliant, but 12 are really way off. He needs someone to say no, and that's not easy for a President."

Shriver is an open man, with the well-tailored ease of a Maryland aristocrat—he seems to have more the ebullience of a Roosevelt than the Brahmin Irish charisma of a Kennedy. But he exudes a Kennedy-like enthusiasm for whatever he does. While ambassador to France, he showed his splendid instinct for PR: talking art with Chagall, shooting pheasant with DeGaulle, rapping with French radicals.

The classic example of the Shriver hard-sell is the Peace Corps, an idea whose time had come mostly because Shriver took it over. Enlisting the help of Lyndon Johnson, he first had to persuade Kennedy to take it out of the hapless AID program, then going down the drain, and give it independent status—a move that meant he would have to lobby Congress for every nickel the Peace Corps would get. Shriver began then to breakfast almost every day with one or another mem-

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ber of Congress, buttonholing everyone personally. He picked up the kind of contacts on the Hill one would expect of a southern committee chairman, not a New Frontier liberal. As one Congressman put it: "I still wasn't sold on the Peace Corps, but I was sold on Shriver."

Johnson, a creature of the Hill, deeply respected the feel Shriver had for Congress. Indeed, Johnson admired Shriver so much that he had him running the Peace Corps and OEO at the same time until he convinced the President to let him resign one or the other.

The War on Poverty needed all the idea-spinning and hard-sell that Shriver could give it. The Congress would not respond; the community action program and city hall fought over money; the budget began to shrink. "For the Shriver style to work," one aide said, "the program has to keep its momentum, keep multiplying," if only to absorb the succession of new projects like the Jobs Corps and Headstart. At both the Peace Corps and OEO, Shriver tried to take the country by surprise by breaking through the bureaucratic pipeline. Starting from scratch in 1961 he promised to deliver the first Peace Corps volunteers within six months instead of 18. But OEO had too much bureaucracy even for him to break through: this time the young-turk staff would have to share power with old line-agencies, spend more time coordinating and less time brainstorming. This time the Shriver hard-sell became a real danger: in place of mammoth expenditures on better schools and housing, the Great Society seemed to offer the poor only Shriver's ability to mesmerize.

The Shriver style owes a little to Joseph Kennedy, whose Chicago Merchandise Mart he managed in the '50s, and a little to Leo Durocher. "Nice guys finish last," the sign in his Peace Corps office used to read. But it is a style which he has never tried to sell to the voters. Though a one-man lobbyist for Peace Corps idealism, the man who "brought government down to human size," he still has no record at the polls. On the other hand, he can campaign expertly—does it, perhaps, better than his running-mate. Many congressmen feel McGovern shies from combat, would prefer not to "mix it up" in local races. Shriver, they know, likes partisan battle.

For all these good instincts, Shriver might still be restless in the vice presidency, an office that has no place for result-oriented executives. It's always been the kind of job a real achiever would shun. But his career, like Lyndon Johnson's in 1960, had reached a kind of plateau, and for a man who hungers to be back in the executive branch, it opens things up again without particularly pointing them in any direction.

First, though, Shriver will have to get his ticket elected. His exuberance may turn some people off in the weeks ahead, but his mercurial temperament could nicely balance the flat consistency of the McGovern style. If he catches on, he could generate much of the excitement there is in the campaign.

Running Out of Gas

The Federal Power Commission's decision this month to allow higher prices for natural gas reflects the new view, held by the commission's Republican majority, that gas prices should be established in the open marketplace rather than be fixed by the government. In the face of constant industry opposition, the commission had struggled over the past 18 years to devise a mechanism for controlling prices charged by big oil companies, which produce most of the gas. In the 1960s, a Democratic controlled commission settled on a scheme under which prices varied in different regions of the country. But the oil companies thought such area pricing was too tough on them and they fought it in the courts, warning that if the pricing policy were upheld, there would be little financial incentive for them to search for more gas, and the nation would have a gas shortage. Things turned out pretty much as the oil companies predicted and the commission is now attempting to provide the industry with incentives to search for more gas.

Yet while both industry and the commission have decried the gas shortage, there has been no independent government investigation of the nation's gas reserves. All information on the amount of available gas is provided to the FPC by the American Gas Association. Critics, including some members of the commission's own staff, have argued that industry misstates the nature of the gas reserves, and the commission, in its recent opinion, said the gas problem has less to do with a real shortage of gas than it does with the government's inability to make the oil companies produce the fuel. This is a particularly ironic situation since most of the new gas is located in the public domain under the sea on the intercontinental shelf. So the consuming public must pay industry the price it demands to produce and market gas from publicly owned areas.

Because of the gas shortage, FPC chairman John N. Nassikas and others warn of the eventual rationing of gas. Although there is no really detailed analysis of the current uses of gas, a casual inquiry turns up unexpected information. According to a study made for the President's Office of Science and Technology by the Stanford Research Institute in November, 1971, industry itself is the largest consumer of natural gas, not the homeowners or electric utilities, the two groups commonly viewed as victims of the gas shortage. Industry uses up more than twice as much gas as residential users, the second largest consumer. Electric utilities, which sought gas to meet anti-pollution requirements, are third in terms of consumption.

Within the industrial sector, two mutually dependent groups account for about half of all the gas consumed—the chemical and petroleum industries (the large oil combines also are important producers of chemicals). Most gas consumed by industry is burned to make steam or heat. The single largest industrial

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usage for natural gas is in oil refining. Other fuels can be substituted for gas in refinery boilers, but the petroleum companies resist pressure to make the change. In the southwest, where the gas fields are close to oil refineries, it is more efficient and much cheaper to use gas taken from federal domain lands than, say, to use low sulphur fuel oil which doesn't create much pollution. From the oil companies' point of view it makes more sense to use nearby gas to run the refineries and sell low sulphur fuel oil to customers who need a clean fuel. Gas prices are controlled whereas oil prices are not, and there may be more profit in the oil. The New York State Public Service Commission, to name one group, contends this is an unfair practice, in effect, shortening supplies in the interstate gas markets to please the big oil companies. The FPC can regulate the use of gas, but so far has not. Thus, in assessing the nation's gas supply situation, it should be kept in mind that oil companies, deploring the gas shortage and arguing for higher prices to average consumers, are themselves major users of the fuel. If they are serious about a gas shortage, then one small contribution the oil industry could make would be to reduce or eliminate the use of natural gas in its own refineries and rely on available alternative fuels.

How Much Is Too Much?

The Food and Drug Administration has finally more or less banned DES. The chemical (diethylstilbestrol) is a known cancer-causing agent used as a feed additive to fatten up cattle and sheep. No one knows whether it does cause cancer in humans who eat meat containing residues of DES, but since Congress had outlawed any residues in food, and since new FDA tests indicated that DES is present in the liver of treated animals, FDA had no choice but to ban it. Since the minute levels of DES found in beef livers have never been *proven* dangerous, FDA decided to let drug companies and farmers use up existing supplies before January 1. Should further research turn up no proof, farmers will be allowed to use DES implants—small deposits of the chemical in the animals' ears—which contain only one-thirtieth of the amount of DES used as a feed additive. Cattle ranchers hope to persuade Congress to pass legislation next year that would allow "safe" levels of residue.

The facts are that doses much larger than humans ingest have caused cancer in mice, and that a rare type of vaginal cancer in teenage girls has been linked to treatment of their mothers with DES during pregnancy. Some congressmen think this is enough to warrant banning the drug immediately and entirely. The argument runs that given the fact that the cancer mortality rates are rising, that cancer often does not develop for 15 or 20 years after ingestion of a carcinogen, and that DES was first allowed in 1954, the conservative course would be to ban DES, implants and all. Advocates of this approach cite several experts in the field, (including Dr. Frank J. Raushcer, appointed Director of the National Cancer Institute by President Nixon) who argue that despite lack of proof no amount of any carcinogen should be present in food. Rep. L. H. Fountain (D, NC), who has held hearings on DES, says that "industry is presently working on the development of new safe additives." If such alternatives are not developed, advocates of a ban are willing to suffer the price rise projected by the Department of Agriculture—$3.85 a year for the average meat consumer—arguing that such would be a small price to pay for health.

Colorado Populism

A coalition of diverse groups has secured enough signatures to place four controversial initiatives sponsored by Colorado's Common Cause project on the state's ballot in November. The coalition gathered between 68,000 and 70,000 signatures for each of the initiatives before the July 7 deadline, comfortably above the 51,000 required. Opponents have until September 7 to challenge but have made no move in that direction as yet. The initiatives include a no-fault auto insurance plan, a tough financial disclosure law for lobbyists and legislators, a reform of the Public Service Commission to require hiring of a utility consumer advocate and a broad-based tax reform plan.

The AFL-CIO and student activists, generally regarded as hostile to one another on issues, together provided most of the muscle for the petition drive although church, environmental and farm groups also were involved. The experience led Craig Barnes, director of the project, to say "we're really discovering what populism is all about."

Although the petitions haven't yet been challenged, strong and well-financed opposition is expected from the Colorado Association of Commerce and Industry, from the Colorado Public Expenditures Council (an industry-financed tax research group) and GOP Gov. John Love. The *Rocky Mountain News*, a Scripps-Howard paper, has endorsed all four; however, *The Denver Post* is questioning the tax reform proposal and has been silent on the other three.

Another group, the Citizens for Colorado's Future collected 78,000 signatures to place on the ballot an initiative prohibiting the expenditure of state funds to help finance the Colorado winter Olympics in 1976. Their slogan: "The Olympics. A $100 Million Snowjob."

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In The Public Interest

Paying to Be Heard

A dull letter with exciting possibilities for consumers has been delivered privately by the General Accounting Office (GAO) to the Federal Trade Commission—the agency that is supposed to protect consumers and fight monopolies. The GAO, a congressional watchdog over federal expenditures, advised the FTC that it had the authority to pay certain expenses of participants in its proceedings who cannot afford to bear these costs. This opinion clears the way for the FTC and other regulatory agencies to adopt a policy of facilitating citizen initiatives or intervention in the consumer, health and safety issues that have all too often been decided in favor of business lobbyists. Although the GAO letter advised the FTC that an intervening citizen's witness fees and costs, transcript charges and traveling expenses may be reimbursed by the commission, the real importance of the opinion is to clear away legal hurdles for the commission to exercise even broader "administrative discretion." Presumably, this discretion could extend to providing legal services similar to what is now provided by the state for poor people facing court trials.

Federal regulatory agencies make decisions affecting electric, telephone and energy prices, consumer frauds and deception, and defects and other hazards of consumer products from autos to food. But their mystifying procedures are known largely to those special interests who can hire specialized lawyers and pay the costs to negotiate the legal labyrinths. In practice, this has meant over the years that only those who are well-heeled could afford to fight for their interests. Consequently, corporations have had the field pretty much to themselves and it, indeed, has been a field day.

What led to the GAO opinion is a good illustration of the need for abolishing this pocket-book test for citizens to participate and advance their rights. About two years ago, a group of George Washington University law students, as part of their law course, petitioned the FTC to intervene in a case involving an alleged deceptive Firestone tire advertisement. The commission was about to issue its usual "cease and desist" order, colloquially known as a "go and sin no more" edict, against Firestone. The students' intervention, allowed by the FTC in a pioneering decision, asked that a corrective advertising order be issued so that deceived consumers would be informed of the deception by the company itself. The reason for their request was that it would be just for consumers and be a strong deterrent against any further deception in advertising. As they carried forward their case, the students asked the commission to reimburse expenses, such as witness fees, because they had no money to do so themselves. It was at this point that the FTC passed the buck to the GAO and asked for a legal opinion. For some 15 months, the GAO was urged to decide the matter one way or the other by various members of Congress. Fortunately, it came out in favor of the average citizen.

Now two questions should be asked: will the FTC issue guidelines that comprehensively open its doors to those without resources who wish to secure justice, or will it confine the GAO opinion to the Firestone case? And, secondly, how will other agencies, such as the Federal Power Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, react? Will they ignore the door opened by the GAO or will they help launch a major abolition of the financial obstacles that make most Americans less equal than a privileged few?

Ralph Nader

The Nixon Watch

The Loved One

At this writing, ten days before the Republicans assemble in Miami Beach to renominate the President and Vice President, a feeling that is new to the Nixon White House is apparent all over the place. It is a feeling, expressed in tones of muted astonishment, that millions of somebodies out there actually like Richard Nixon. The opposite impression that most people, including a distressing proportion of those who voted for him in 1968 and are counted upon to vote for him this year, don't really like him has dominated and darkened the atmosphere of the White House since Mr. Nixon occupied it in 1969. His examinations of himself, in speeches and interviews and a book, have been studded with awareness that he has been widely disliked as a person. He said in 1968 that he didn't expect to be liked and hoped only to be respected in the presidency. Until recently, very few Nixon assistants would have quarreled in their honest moments with George McGovern's remark to columnist Mary McGrory that "I don't think the country likes that guy." A sense that this was all too true lay behind the frequent advice to him that he hold his personal campaigning to a minimum and postpone the minimum to the last weeks of the 1972 campaign. Now all that is changing, partly because the apprehension has lessened and partly because the President is resisting the advice and indicating a desire to take early to the stump and press the electoral flesh soon and often.

Just what has brought about the change is hard to

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fathom. The national polls, including one that appeared to reflect a high level of trust in him as a person and a President, have something to do with it but don't wholly explain it. Such staff operatives as Harry Dent, the President's southern specialist, tell him that they find in their visitations around the country a positive liking not only for his policies but for him, and that sort of reporting from men who have trained themselves to guard against over-confidence and to discount the fact that they are usually in touch with committed supporters must have a certain effect. But I attribute the change chiefly to two other factors, both of which can be appreciated only if the paranoia that has marked the Nixon White House is adequately understood and appreciated.

The first factor, directly connected with that paranoia, is the phenomenal success of the staff effort to protect the President from personal involvement in and responsibility for incidents and situations that could have and, I strongly suspect, should have made the perceived rise in personal liking for and confidence in him impossible. The classic instance is the International Telephone and Telegraph scandal that never became a presidential scandal. It involved, remember, an administratively imposed antitrust settlement that was costly to ITT but could have been far worse for it, and ITT's undertaking to guarantee part of the costs of the aborted plan—Mr. Nixon's plan—to hold the Republican convention in San Diego. Attorney General John N. Mitchell, by the President's account his most valued Cabinet associate and adviser until John Connally came along, got away with his denials of substantial participation in the settlement and knowledge of the convention commitment. Richard Kleindienst, the successor at Justice, was hurt, but not enough to deny him the office the President conferred upon him. Peter Flanigan, a senior White House assistant, admitted to a modest part in the antitrust settlement but never had to acknowledge that he so much as discussed it with the President. William Timmons, the Nixon assistant charged with overseeing the San Diego arrangements, was seldom mentioned in the news accounts of that aspect of the affair. This remarkable exercise in presidential protection could be put down to the normal functions of any President's staff. But, for reasons connected with the second factor—the paranoiac Nixon view of the national media—it went beyond the norm.

The extreme effort to protect Mr. Nixon arose from a conviction that the national media, printed and electronic, would savage *this* President with singular and deliberate ferocity if he were personally hooked up in the slightest factual degree with either the antitrust or the San Diego arrangements. A former Nixon assistant, James Keogh, made a book *(President Nixon and the Press)* out of the related certainties that most national journalists dislike Nixon as a man and are moved by liberal bias to misrepresent and mistreat him as they would never abuse one of Spiro Agnew's liberal elitist radiclibs in the same office. Coming to the current point, some of the most serious preparations for Mr. Nixon's 1972 campaign were founded on the assumption that the national media would be kind to and biased toward any of the prospective Democratic nominees, and especially toward George McGovern once he became the expected nominee, in ways that the press would never be kind to Richard Nixon. The thought that a significant number of national reporters, columnists and broadcasters could be positively unkind to a George McGovern was utterly beyond the belief and comprehension of most of the Nixon staff until McGovern got into his vice presidential trouble.

The resultant coverage and comment, on the whole more acrid and searching and destructive than any experienced by the President since he took office, had a mixed and rather weird effect at the White House. The unbelievable had to be believed and welcomed; the impossible was proven possible. Some of the hardened paranoiacs (H. R. Haldeman and Charles Colson come to mind) were said to argue that it was a passing aberration, one that the deviant journalists would soon correct, but at the moment unreconstructed cynics appear to be in the minority. A decision to moderate the Vice President's and others' attacks upon the basic credibility of the media predated the McGovern troubles and coverage. It arose from a simpler realization that this particular part of the general plan, still in force and being intensified, to brand Nixon critics as irresponsible and dangerous radicals hadn't paid in the past and was unlikely to pay in 1972. The effect of the recent McGovern coverage upon the Nixon entourage was more subtle. The immediate effect was to make ridiculous the paranoiac illusion that this President is uniquely exposed and vulnerable to critical coverage and comment and to impair the companion illusion that the country's most influential journalists and commentators are determined to see that he is never liked because they don't like him and his policies.

In ways that may be sensed around the White House but cannot be documented, the end effect has been to make believable, to an extent it previously wasn't, the astounding impression that the President has come to be liked as a person by significant numbers of people and voters who might prefer him to an opponent but could never like him.

All of which is not to suggest that the protective operation has been abandoned or modified. It is presently directed at keeping the President immune from any suggestion or provable showing that he had anything to do with the bugging of the Democratic National Committee's headquarters in Washington. One of the five buggers (or de-buggers) caught in the act was a security officer and consultant for both the Republican National Committee and the campaign ad-

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junct of the White House, the Committee for the Reelection of the President, when he and the others were arrested last June. A check for $25,000 in consolidated campaign contributions somehow got from former Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans, the President's chief fund-raiser, to the Miami bank account of one of the arrested buggers. Attendant circumstances, too complex for detailing here, have compelled a Nixon assistant, Charles Colson, literally to raise his right hand and swear to at least three staff associates that he had nothing to do with it. The President has assigned another assistant, John Dean, to follow and oversee the efforts of the FBI and the local federal prosecutor in Washington to identify the person or persons who ordered the bugging. White House reporters keep needling Press Secretary Ziegler about Colson, but I have yet to hear Dean mentioned at a Ziegler briefing as the one man around the President who is bound to know the facts if anybody does. The hope at the White House is that the ultimate responsibility will be brought no nearer to the President than some mid-level nitwit at the reelection committee. The consuming dread in Mr. Nixon's vicinity is that somebody will recall a casual remark by him to the effect that it would be nice to know what was going on at the Democratic headquarters. He never said this, so far as I know. But eager beavers have picked up and acted upon equivalent remarks, with unhappy consequences. It's the sort of thing that could reverse the President's supposed rise in public liking and personal esteem.

John Osborne

What's Ahead for the New Democratic Ticket

Regaining Momentum

by Paul R. Wieck

How does one measure loss of momentum? In politics, it's a precious, and perishable, commodity. It can't be measured by computer or slide rule or arrived at by a formula. Polls give you a hint of where you are but not of where you might have been "if" or would have been in 12 weeks "if." The Eagleton affair clearly cost the McGovern campaign the momentum it had coming out of Miami Beach and, in the aftermath, the polls have added an extra cruel bite (Harris, in a poll taken during the darkest hours, found McGovern trailing Nixon by 23 points). Now McGovern and his new running-mate must find a way to recoup.

I talked with party leaders gathered from around the country for the national committee meeting hoping to learn their mood. To call the mood "hopeful" would be to give credence to the lip service a lot of them feel they must pay their party; but they were not utterly without hope. The consensus went something like this: if the election were held tomorrow, the ticket would be wiped out almost everywhere. But it's three months away and a hope does linger, however tentative. On every side I was told "we have an awful lot of work to do." Outside the South, few were willing to completely write off their states. What can make the difference? "The candidate," they kept saying. "He has to take his message to the people."

Two reasons were usually cited for the lingering hopes of the party leaders. First, it's generally agreed President Nixon isn't a likable guy. A rancher from Dodge City, Kansas, told me in Denver a few weeks ago: "The people in my area don't really like Nixon as a person," he said, "but they like a lot of the things he's doing." He explained the Peking and Moscow trips were well received, that they challenged a lot of people to trade in old concepts of foreign policy, to allow the hold the Cold War doctrines have had on their thinking to be broken. Secondly, Democratic leaders realize how volatile the voters can be. In the primaries they watched with dismay or delighted surprise as both polls and candidates were turned upside down in a matter of weeks by the huge protest vote that crystallized around McGovern and Wallace. They're not about to say it can't happen again, in November.

So Nixon isn't likable and the voters are volatile. That's hardly news. But there was a serious loss of momentum when in the last few weeks McGovern and his

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aides were immobilized by events seemingly beyond their control. It may be forgotten in a few weeks but, right now, it's one of the major political realities. What permanent damage has been done?

The most telling thing was the ridicule. It's one thing a candidate can't easily survive. (There were quips like "it's not true he's going through the whole Washington telephone book.") McGovern looked indecisive and there were persistent rumors of a growing split between McGovern and the people who nominated him. While McGovern and his aides were immobilized, defections from the ticket took place, each one adding to the sense of hopelessness.

The heavy defection of influential Jewish leaders and contributors is quite serious inasmuch as Jews have been a pillar of strength to liberal Democrats for years. Some of that loss might have been avoided and may still be regained. In contrast, the defection of conservative Democrats in the South was inevitable and part of a trend that dates to when FDR went to the White House 40 years ago. It isn't necessarily fatal. For instance, Virginia state chairman Joe Fitzpatrick points out that most of the 18 Democratic legislators in his state who've signed on the "Re-Elect the President" committee also endorsed the Goldwater candidacy in 1964, the last year the Democrats carried Virginia.

The most serious long-range effect has been on Democratic politicians running at state, district and local levels. They ran for cover in the aftermath of the Eagleton affair, crippling early efforts to put together a coordinated effort in a good many states. One national committee member from an industrial state said, "local candidates like to ride the coattails of a strong national ticket. McGovern doesn't have any." In one southwestern district that appears ready to give Nixon a huge majority, local party leaders are asking speakers not to mention McGovern's name because they're afraid it will hurt senatorial and congressional candidacies.

Finally, there is the effect on McGovern's own people. They left Miami Beach bone-tired after their long fight against what appeared to be insurmountable odds but still full of spirit for the fight. Why should they believe the polls? They'd turned the polls around. Or worry about the party establishment? They'd whipped it. But the Eagleton affair was a new experience, something out of their control. It left many stunned, almost as helpless as the candidate himself appeared to be.

So those who are hopeful now look to the candidate and his running-mate to rebuild the image of the ticket. In this respect, Shriver is a happy choice. He's sort of a supersalesman for good causes with a flair for making middle America believe in them. His acceptance speech had just the right touch of humor for an occasion with somber undercurrents. He's well known and has a good public image.

They say the candidate must take "his message" to the voters; however, not everyone is talking about the same message. McGovern's preconvention strategy was aimed at first co-opting the party's left and trying to move out from there to capitalize on the discontent running through the country. It worked; however, it's now very clear it isn't broad based enough to elect a President and precious days have gone by without reaching some of the elements of a natural McGovern constituency.

Pennsylvania is a key state. The Democrats, riding atop heavy majorities out of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and with strong help from the depressed coal mining regions upstate, have won Pennsylvania in the last three elections. It's one of the target states of the McGovern camp so I talked with John J. O'Shea, a Philadelphia businessman and treasurer of the city committee. What, I asked, are McGovern's prospects of getting the healthy majority he'll need in Philadelphia to carry the state? O'Shea said: "I'm only disturbed about two things, the welfare problem and the war. The war is really not a problem but he hasn't defined his welfare stand clearly. He should do this early. He needs to talk about it in terms of bread and butter stuff, in terms of job opportunities and education and not $6500 a year. The average wage earner will tell you he pays so damned much in taxes now he isn't going to pay any more. The problem with the $6500 isn't so much the concept as the cost."

O'Shea said the city committee met a week earlier and explained to the ward chairmen that hundreds of McGovern volunteers would be coming to help. The response was mixed. O'Shea wasn't giving any predictions on majorities. To carry Pennsylvania by 169,000 in 1968, Humphrey had to carry Philadelphia by 271,000. Another Pennsylvania source told me early samplings from a private poll show McGovern breaking even in Philadelphia. "This would mean he'll lose the state by at least a half million."

Yet O'Shea keeps remembering the mood six or eight months ago. Prices, unemployment, the whole economic picture, had created a strong anti-Nixon mood. Can it be revived? O'Shea thinks it might be if the traditional "bread and butter" issues are stressed. He also noted another hopeful sign. In the first week of voter registration, there was a fairly heavy turnout and the new figures were 4-1 Democratic.

Even though the professed McGovern backers at the national committee meeting weren't without hope, one couldn't miss one truly ominous note as the two factions in the party—McGovern and anti-McGovern—started to maneuver for the fight for control of the party that must come after November if McGovern loses badly. The old faces were there, from the camp of every candidate. The word was passed "to lie low until after November and then we'll move." Their post-No-

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vember target: National chairman Jean Westwood, the personal choice of McGovern for the party's top post. It broke into the open only once—on the Ohio credentials challenge when Frank King, the Humphrey leader in that state, made it clear the fight was over post-election control of the party.

Meanwhile, the anti-McGovern forces will be rallying behind their own state and congressional tickets, hopeful of saving them from what they consider pending disaster. One national committeewoman confided she isn't sending any money to the national campaign this year; instead, she's giving it to the senatorial and congressional candidates in her state.

One surprising thing is the general level of confidence among Democrats over their chances of retaining control of the Congress even if McGovern loses. It may not be realistic. The Democrats haven't recently suffered the kind of deluge that overtook the GOP in 1964 when dozens of powerful and apparently safe members were defeated, cleaning out GOP ranks and enabling them to come up with a younger class of congressmen two years later. So one wonders if the Democrats really understand what a wipeout is really about. It could be they'd be serving their state and local tickets better if they tried to bolster the national ticket, even at it's low point in early August.

It's fashionable among Democrats to say these days that there's "no place to go but up." Things can't get much worse and could get much better. Humphrey started out 19 points behind in the polls in '68 but nearly pulled off a win. Once the impact of Chicago wore off, things started looking up for the Democrats. In 1964, Goldwater started out way behind and ended up just where he had started—way behind. He pulled just under 40 percent of the vote—about seven points above McGovern's current showings in the polls. What have we in McGovern, a Humphrey or a Goldwater? A lot of people would hope we have neither since both lost.

It may be the Democrats won't be able to regain their momentum without some help from Nixon and that might not be forthcoming. He's a political animal who makes mistakes but he seldom makes the same mistake twice. After his close call in 1968, he stumped the country in the fall of 1970, showing signs of the old Nixon again. That was a mistake some observers think he won't repeat this year. It's a bit unnerving to think the Democrats' fortunes may be in Nixon's hands inasmuch as he's already made lots of mistakes once and somehow survived.

McGovern's Ace in the Hole

The Youth Vote

by Tim O'Brien

Without young people, ages 18 to 25, McGovern would certainly lose this November. If he wins it will be largely because of them. And should that happen, a lot of earlier journalist-scholarly prophecy and analysis will go down the drain. For it is said the young voters don't, can't make a difference.

The tenet that youthfulness is inversely related to political participation had its first precise enunciation in the work of four scholars at the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center. Looking at returns from the 1948, 1952 and 1956 elections, Angus Campbell and his colleagues found that "old citizens are more likely to cast a presidential vote than are members of the younger generation. . . . Under the conditions of motivation that existed in 1952 and 1956, for example, only about half of the quadrennial crop of newly eligible actually voted in their first presidential elections. . . . There is a steady and at times spectacular increase of voter participation as a function of age."

Then, in 1970, Richard Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg published *The Real Majority*, arguing that from a purely demographic perspective, young people are simply overwhelmed in numbers by older people; that "Peter Pan rarely registers"; that "children don't vote"; that, even if young people went to the polls in large numbers, their political clout would be dissipated because they do not vote as a monolith, because they are split into factious, sometimes conservative, blocs; and

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that youthfulness sooner or later turns into middle-agedness, a fact that separates them from other groups, such as blacks (who are forever black).

How well does this conventional wisdom hold up in light of 12 months of presidential politics?

The Outnumbered Argument. The 1968 presidential election was won and lost by about 500,000 votes. The Census Bureau estimates that 25 million 18-to-24-year-olds will be eligible to vote for the first time this November —18 percent of the electorate. That's more than the "black bloc," more than the Jewish vote. More than the combined populations of North Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. More than the "intellectual vote" or the "farm vote." Officials trying to register new young voters estimate that over three million new names have been put on the voting rolls since last summer. One Washington, DC-based organization, The Student Vote, alone takes credit for signing up over 500,000 voters in eight months of activity.

The "outnumbered argument" is misleading and, ultimately, false. *Every* person living in the United States belongs to one or more groups that are "outnumbered" by a combination of other similar groups. If you are white, you may be a Catholic, and you are outnumbered by Protestants. If you are white and Protestant, you may be an executive, in which case you are outnumbered by blue-collar and unskilled workers. The real question is the marginal effect on election outcomes by adding five or ten or 18 million new voters, all of them young.

"Peter Pan Rarely Registers." True in the past, as Scammon, Wattenberg and others have shown. But in only nine months, voter registration trends have started to turn around. A poll conducted by the Unidex Corporation (whose findings are reported in the *Chicago Tribune)* showed last September that only 60.5 percent of the American students were registered to vote. In June 1972 the firm found student registration reaching a remarkable 87 percent. A recent Gallup poll puts the student registration number 21 points lower, at 66 percent. But in either case, student registration compares favorably with the nationwide average of around 70 percent.

Balancing this finding—perhaps overriding it—is the fact that young people not in school—the working young—show registration rates below 50 percent. Registration drive leaders recognize that the emphasis on quick registration has forced them to concentrate their operations on the colleges, at the expense of young people working as secretaries, mechanics, and the hundreds of other jobs people take out of high school. But Ridley Whitaker, executive director of The Student Vote, says his organization is embarking on a new drive to enroll nonstudent, working youths in 13 target cities, including New York, Boston, Washington and Houston. "We've got to reach those nonstudent young people next. We're going after the young working people where we can find them—standing in movie lines, sitting in the bleachers at baseball games, at rock concerts." His goal for the summer, and he thinks it conservative, is to put 750,000 more names on the voting rosters.

McGovern calls the registration of the young "a centerpiece" of his plans for the fall campaign. "It sounds incredible," he said, "but I think we can do it." The candidate plans to launch a massive registration effort aimed at changing the very landscape of the American electorate, hopefully signing up as many as 18 million young voters. He calculates such an input would give a margin of eight million votes against Richard Nixon.

The "Children Don't Vote." One fact of American political life is clear: it's harder to register to vote than actually to step into the booth to cast a ballot. The whole routine of signing forms, showing evidence of residence, producing driver's licenses and birth certificates and telephone bills—all this is considerably less exciting and more intricate than the voting process itself. So people who register are likely to vote. And millions of young people *are* registering.

Other than deductive arguments can be mustered. "The children" *have* voted heavily this year. The nationwide Unidex Poll shows that 55 percent of the students surveyed in 19 different colleges cast ballots in the primaries. In Cambridge, Mass., for example, 48 percent of the city's registered voters turned out for the Democratic primary. But combining four Cambridge wards heavily populated with students from Harvard, Radcliffe, Lesley College and MIT, the turnout reached 56 percent. In Philadelphia, the turnout for last April's presidential primary was 40 percent. In Ward 27—heavily studded with student residences—about 70 percent voted. The total turnout of registered voters for the California primary was high—67 percent; but precincts predominately filled with UCLA and Stanford students also showed high voting rates—63 and 61 percent.

One reason for this surprisingly heavy student turnout is that, after a number of court battles, many states are finally allowing students to vote in their college communities. At the time the 26th Amendment was ratified, only six states treated students seeking to register in their college towns in exactly the same manner as all other people trying to enroll. But, as of mid-March this year, a total of 33 states were giving students equal treatment. Just a few weeks ago, another state joined the lengthening list; the New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that college students should be allowed to vote where they attend school. The court also said that students have been "improperly discriminated against . . . and were improperly denied the right to register to vote in the communities where

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their college residences were located."

"Dissipation" of the Youth Vote. Scammon and Wattenberg rightly point out that the nation's youth are not all the same. Some prefer George Wallace, some don't, and apparently more young people than older people favored him in 1968. Some youth are hawks, some doves. Such analysis eludes the real questions: will the youth actually cast ballots as a bloc, will they be felt as a cohesive force at the ballot box, and will they vote differently than their parents? The answers, judging from the primary data, are Yes, Yes, Yes.

A Gallup Poll released July 23 casts some doubt on the Democratic nominee's strength among the young. It shows him leading Mr. Nixon by seven points among 18-to-24-year-olds, 50 percent to 43 percent. However, among youths registered to vote, the poll says McGovern's lead over Nixon stretches to 16 points, 57 percent to 41. McGovern's worst showing comes among non-student youths. But less than half of them are registered to vote. His best showing is with youths attending college—61 percent say they would vote for him if the election were held now—and 67 percent of the in-school young are signed up to vote. Although the poll shows McGovern's lead among the young to be more modest than expected, polls have underestimated him all year. Additionally, actual youth turnouts for McGovern in the spring and summer primaries were very heavy.

Despite the pessimistic tone of the recent Gallup analysis, pollster Louis Harris wrote on July 27th that "while the electorate as a whole has been giving President Nixon a wide 18-point lead, Sen. McGovern has been ahead among voters under-30 by a margin of nine points. The South Dakotan's lead among young voters has been as high as 14 points. Although this bulge for McGovern has yet to be translated into actual votes, he begins the campaign with his most substantial support to be found among young voters." Harris points out that "just by changing the rate of turnout among young people up to their full potential, the (present) Nixon lead of 14 points could be cut to eight points." "The range of difference between an average and exceptional turnout among young voters in this election could mean between four and six percentage points in the outcome. This means that in a close 52-48 percent or 53-47 percent Nixon lead over McGovern in the popular vote, the ultimate outcome would be cast in doubt or reversed."

But in the latest Harris survey, conducted after the Eagleton episode, McGovern took a spectacular nose dive. He trailed the President by ten points among young voters, a reverse mirror of his nine-point lead a few weeks ago. Still, the young continue to give him more support than any other demographic group.

Recent post-primary surveys conducted for *The Washington Post* by Peter Hart Associates, indicate that the 18-to-24-year-old vote tends to cluster around the candidacy of McGovern. Over the course of four primaries, *an average of 70 percent* of the 18-to-24-year-olds said they voted for McGovern. Only 20 percent said they cast ballots for Hubert Humphrey. In their parent's generation, only about 21 percent favored McGovern, while 55 percent voted for Humphrey. In Ohio, 69 percent of the youth voted for McGovern; in California, about 72 percent; in Pennsylvania, 76 percent. Even in the moderate-to-conservative state of Maryland, McGovern captured 47 percent of the youth vote, while the primary winner, George Wallace, finished with only 19 percent of the youth vote.

On top of that, young voters are clustering around the Democratic party. According to Student Vote director Whitaker, "The newly registered young are going two-to-one Democratic." In some cities, the Democratic edge approaches five-to-one. A Gallup Poll last year found young people between 18 and 20 preferring the Democratic party three to one.

And what about the key issues of the campaign? Do young people stand as a bloc and do they differ from their mothers and fathers? A Louis Harris poll last year showed 90 percent of the 18-20-year-olds favoring heavier spending on pollution control: 75 percent of the over-50-year-olds favored it. Help blacks achieve equality faster? Sixty percent of the youth were in favor, 41 percent of the older generation. Increase federal programs to help the poor? Seventy percent of the youth said yes, 55 percent of the over-50-year-olds.

The "End of Youth." Scammon and Wattenberg conclude by saying that "people get older every four years; as they get older, they change." "There is demographic evidence that when the babies come, Alvin and Barbara do indeed move to suburban New Jersey, but neither are they quite as ready to tear down the 'corrupt middle-class society.'"

There can be little doubt that when people age they change. So what? As Scammon and Wattenberg readily acknowledge, other young people move in to take the places of those exiting to the suburbs. And, as Scammon and Wattenberg do not mention, old people tend to die at rather higher rates than do those in the 18-24 age bracket. Even allowing for the end of the baby boom, the advent of population control and increased longevity, the young will always account for a good chunk of the population. And with the 26th Amendment and increasing registration and voting rates, they will also constitute a sizable portion of the electorate.

Implicit in the argument that "the young are not a monolith" is the suspicion that, unlike blacks and union members and businessmen, young people are too diverse a group to share common interests with any regularity. But McGovern's strategists—and McGovern himself—have been acting quite successfully on the opposite assumption. Conditional amnesty for those who dodged the draft; decreasing or eliminating the penalties for using marijuana; a quick end to the

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Vietnam war. All are issues that appeal to the young. In short, McGovern is showing that a presidential candidate can appeal to the young as a bloc, just as Hubert Humphrey and others have demonstrated that it is not fruitless to issue appeals to the black vote.

In scholastic jargon, all groups are purely "analytic, not natural, devices" for defining one segment of a larger population. The usefulness of "group theory" is ultimately in whether the separation of a population into groups produces any important insights into political behavior. So the issue is not theoretical, as one might suspect from the Scammon-Wattenberg analysis. It is evidentiary.

The evidence? The two pollsters cite a pair of surveys. One indicated that there is a greater gap between in-school and working youth than between young people generally and their parents. The second survey showed that young people were more hawkish than the over-50 generation. Finally we are told that young people in 1968 were more likely to vote for George Wallace than were their parents.

From this they conclude: "Being a young American apparently connotes nothing more than a chronological fact: some are liberal, some conservative; some are of the right, some of the left; many are in the center." In essence, they are saying that the evidence shows that the young are pretty much like the rest of the population.

But this kind of evidence is suspect. The Harris Poll cited earlier shows that youth and their parents *do* differ on the issues, including the war issue. More important, even if in 1968 young people were slightly more likely than their parents to support Wallace, the combined Nixon-Wallace vote—the "conservative vote"—of the young was six percentage points *lower* than the combined "*conservative vote*" of their parents. For a realistic assessment of the political *impact* of the youth vote, third or fourth party support by the young is rather irrelevant. What is relevant is the fact that, in 1968, a Democrat—Hubert Humphrey—was the fairly wide choice of the young, while a Republican—Nixon—was the fairly wide choice of people over 50.

It is true, of course, that in 1968 the vote breakdown by age was not as startling as the breakdown by race. But, then, it was Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy who were the young people's darlings that year, not Humphrey. And in 1972, George McGovern—with an impressive portfolio circulating among young voters—will fare considerably better than did Mr. Humphrey four years ago.

The point, though, is not so much that youth is solidly behind George McGovern. It is that young voters are not so much different than other voting groups and that they are becoming less and less different. New evidence is accumulating to suggest that Scammon and Wattenberg will have a difficult time if they persist in saying that young people cannot make or break presidential candidates.

New European Security Arrangements

Peering into the Mist

by Alastair Buchan

Until a month or so ago, a West European politician, official or academic, could be excused for feeling a certain sense of queasiness about the immediate future. The President of the United States might talk with confidence about a pentagonal balance of global power of which the new Europe was to be one of the prime actors. But all that a man staring out of the windows of the Foreign Office, the *Quai D'Orsay* or the *Ausuartige Amt* in this cold, cold spring and summer could see was a mist of confusion and indeed suspicion; uncertainty about the eventual outcome of SALT and the possibility of a bilateral Soviet-American deal about the relation of the superpowers in Europe; uncertainty about the coherence of the Western system of trade, payments and exchanges; uncertainty about the mood of Congress and indeed of the American people, as expressed in various primaries, about maintaining various commitments; uncertainty about the hand the West

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should play in the European Security Conference, so ardently sought by the east European countries, to which it has agreed in principle; uncertainty about the measures of political, let alone military, integration, to which the governments of the enlarged European Economic Community may be able to undertake and sustain. In the spring it looked as if international politics were getting too complex for governments to remain their masters, as happened between 1929 and 1932.

He still has an anxious look, our man in the corridors of power, especially if he has any responsibility for international monetary questions. But some dim outlines of the future are beginning to emerge out of the mist. And, in any case, with the American election season approaching its height, with the probability also of West German elections in November, and with the need for a September referendum on joining the EEC in Denmark and Norway, he has a little time in which to think. What has principally cleared the air has been the outcome of the Nixon-Brezhnev talks in Moscow, and the treaties on the limitations of offensive missiles and of ABMs which emerged from them. No sulphurous whiff of collusion assails his nostrils whatever smell may reach Hanoi or even Cairo: European diplomats can recognize a hard-fought negotiation when they read between the lines of a treaty, and both the Moscow treaties are clearly the products of just such hard bargaining. The limitation of ABMs, in particular, lets the British and the French off the hook of having to think, in the immediate future, about successor systems for their own small submarine missile forces. The American argument that, by the interim agreement on ICBMs, they have at least stabilized a situation which otherwise might have led to a genuine Soviet capability to disarm the United States is broadly accepted. Moreover, not only has the US government been much more successful than in past negotiations in keeping its allies informed and thereby confident, but most European governments are as convinced that this is an "era of negotiations" as the President himself. Finally, the Moscow briefings have clarified one major area of obscurity: the European Security Conference will go forward with preparations beginning this winter, but there will be a separate forum or conference on what is called MBFR, Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions, which will be confined to those countries, indigenous or external, with troops in central Europe.

Nevertheless, the European planner knows that his respite will be a brief one, just long enough perhaps for a holiday with his family in the Dordogne. On the one hand, he understands and sympathizes with the American desire to maintain the momentum of SALT and to start not later than the fall on the negotiation of a second round agreement which will tackle the actual reduction of strategic weapons in the armories of the two superpowers, perhaps by a planned program that takes account of obsolescence. He cannot but applaud this for it promises, if successful, to restore a sense of rationality to the concept of deterrence and to give the younger generation of Americans and Europeans, in particular, a greater confidence in their governments, by reducing the alienated feeling that they are the victims of a monstrous technological conspiracy.

But the Soviet price for embarking on a second round has been made clear. Western strategic weapons, they say, are those that can deliver a nuclear warhead on Russian soil, which means taking account not only of ICBMs but the so-called Forward Based Systems, the longer-range American fighter bombers in Europe and on carriers, which are designed for interdiction and as the middle range of a spectrum of nuclear deterrence. But what are the Soviets prepared to trade for these FBS? The medium range missiles in the western Soviet Union which for nearly ten years have had the power to devastate the airfields and cities of western Europe? But there are only about 500 FBS and some 700 or more Soviet MRBMs. So will Moscow insist on the inclusion of the British and French nuclear forces in any preliminary bargain as they tried to do, without success, in SALT One? Or may the intractability of this problem direct the negotiations toward some bargain about the reduction of all forms of tactical nuclear weapons in both halves of Europe, which would gravely disquiet some of the smaller NATO countries, especially in southern Europe. Consider the question from any angle, on the basis of any formula, and it becomes clear that the Soviets by dangling the prize of a real reduction in strategic arms, of which they now have the larger inventory, can sow serious distrust between the US and her European allies, and among them, in a way that was not possible in SALT One.

On the other hand, there stands all the uncertainty about the negotiability of conventional force reductions in Europe, and of the possibility, and indeed probability of unilateral American reductions if an MBFR negotiation runs into the ground. The elements of the problem are well recognized by all who have glanced at the published figures. NATO (no longer including France), deploys 580,000 men, 38 divisions, 5500 battle tanks and 2150 aircraft of all types in northern and central Europe, where the Warsaw Pact deploys 900,000 men, 69 divisions, 14,000 tanks and just under 4000 aircraft, of which more than half the men and tanks and nearly half the aircraft are Soviet. At the level of superpower deployment in central Europe, the disparities are of the order of between four and six to one, quite apart from the discrepant distance between say Kiev and Leipzig and Fort Bragg and Frankfurt.

The earliest proponent of Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction among the NATO governments, apart from the Scandinavian countries, was the Federal Republic of Germany for two good reasons: first, it

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was very important to the Brandt administration in terms of its Eastern Policy to kill forever the image of "revanchist Germany"; second, its *Bundeswehr* is, at the level of 12 divisions (a figure decided upon in the mid 1950s), gravely understrength in noncoms and junior officers, while military service, even on a selective basis and without casualties, is increasingly unpopular among the young Germans.

The second convert was the United States government, which by the end of 1970 saw that if it did not espouse the cause of multilateral forced reductions in Europe, it would be forced by Senator Mansfield and his supporters to make unilateral reductions. France, which is in no position to assert herself in the issue, has been consistently opposed to any negotiation between the two blocs. So has Britain for the different reason that she regards a consolidation and politicization of the EEC as the essential preliminary for entering such a negotiation. The Soviet Union showed little or no interest until the spring of 1971, and only recently gave evidence of devoting serious attention to the problem. The eastern European countries have had little to say on the subject, being more concerned with providing no obstacles to a European Security Conference.

There are two ways, possibly more, in which a European can look at the problem of MBFR. One is to recognize, first, that it is an intensely divisive issue within the Western alliance, setting Germans against French and British, Europeans against Americans, the countries on the flanks against the countries in the center, and the nonnuclear against the nuclear powers. Secondly, that it is closely allied to the next round of SALT if this is likely to involve trade-offs of European based nuclear weapons as well as affecting the global climate of politics. Third, that China does confront the Soviet Union with long-term problems which, given patience on the part of the West, may make the USSR ready to reduce her political and military involvement in Europe. What is required, therefore, is the closest possible understanding between the United States and her allies in a negotiation which might succeed if after long discussion it is possible to produce, as Henry Kissinger told the press in Moscow, an allied "proposal that represents the best mix which is calculated to reduce the fear of either side of an aggressive move, and maximize the defense possibilities."

The alternative and more pessimistic view is to assume first that it is inherently improbable that even a group as small as 10 or 12 countries (by contrast with the 30 who would participate in the European Security Conference) could find realistic formulas that would enable mutual and balanced force reductions to be agreed upon, enforced and inspected, given the disparities of deployed resources and of geography. Second, that if an MBFR negotiation is abandoned or fails, the United States will not continue to make the same contribution to the conventional end of NATO's spectrum of deterrence as in the past 20 years, whether because of the balance of payments or because Nixon in his second term feels obligated to eliminate the draft, or because McGovern is elected. Europe, by this view, should brace and organize itself for UAFR (which sounds like a Tolkien creature but stands for unilateral American force reductions). Officials from Washington ask us to lower our voices when we discuss such a possibility lest it become a self-fulfilling prophecy, and by doing so they have already had the effect of driving a rather sensible debate in Germany behind closed doors. But many Europeans, and I do not simply mean the British, think it is foolish for the European governments to have no contingency plans for a significant change in American NATO policy as it was for the Australians to refuse to do any serious planning against the contingency of a British withdrawal from Southeast Asia in 1967 for fear of being overheard in London.

Moreover, the modifications in NATO strategy that a reduction of say two divisions of American forces (hopefully less drastic in air power) would require might not be very different from those necessitated by a successful negotiation of MBFR. Broadly, there seem to be three kinds of approach. One would be to modify the conception of forward defense of the whole of German territory, which was undertaken for reasons of German morale in the 1950s, and to concentrate a smaller force of regular divisions astride the key axes into western Europe, with the American divisions moved further north from the relatively impenetrable terrain of Bavaria. Another would imply the rapid development of a European Defense Community or Authority with the Europeans, including the French forces, assuming the principal responsibility for flexible response in Germany, with smaller American forces than at present held in reserve with a high degree of mobility in order to identify any form of aggression or incident and bring the weight of their presence to bear upon it. A third would be to go for a mixture of regular European and militia forces or mobilizable reserves with the latter, especially in Germany, made considerably more efficient than at present.

However, unless there is some unforseen European crisis or the new administration puts a pistol to the head of Europe in the early months of next year, European discussion on these and other alternatives will be slow to crystallize because inter-governmental negotiation and debate will be preoccupied with the monetary issue. It is unlikely, for instance, that there will be any discussion of security questions at the summit meeting of the European ten this fall, even supposing that it meets at all. Nevertheless, once the outline of a common European policy on exchange rates has been evolved it is likely that the question of security and of the reorganization of NATO strategy will surface rapidly.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Late Spring

(New Yorker)

Requiem for Keach?

Another film by Yasujiro Ozu, who made *Tokyo Story*, gets its US premiere—a mere 23 years late. This 1949 work, *Late Spring*, antedates *Tokyo Story* by four years, and one can see, with the pleasures of hindsight, the developing techniques and film language that made the later picture a masterpiece.

It is possibly risky to say, but the chief reward in *Late Spring* is not in its materials, gratifying though they are. The highest benefit—as in *Tokyo Story*, though less strong—is appreciation of the artist himself. One is moved by a great deal in the film, but the ultimate and most moving of responses is one's regard for Ozu. This is in no way due to exhibitionism; most certainly it's not because of virtuosity à la Fellini. It's because everything in an Ozu film derives from his utter subscription to a view of life as infinitely sacred and of art as the most sacred exercise in life. He serves, rather than making anything serve him.

Late Spring is the story of a father and daughter in postwar Japan. (Evidences of the American occupation are glimpsed, not underscored.) They are played by Chishu Ryu, the old man in *Tokyo Story*, and Setsuko Hara, who was his daughter-in-law in that film. Other members of the Ozu "company" can be seen, and the script was, as usual, a collaboration between Ozu and Kogo Noda.

The motion of this quiet-motion picture is in the effort by which the widowed father, a professor, turns his daughter away from the security-and-resentment ambivalence of her life with him toward a life of her own, gently urging her toward a marriage which she both wants and dreads. Ozu's touch is so implicative that we never even see the fiancé; our last sight of the girl is in her traditional wedding dress. Our last sight of the father, which is the end of the film, is when he sits alone after the ceremony, peeling an apple, in one long peel; and by his daring in ending here, Ozu crystallizes retrospectively the design of his film. Another way to put it: we don't know how good the picture is until it finishes. When we see Ryu sitting there alone, we comprehend how much Ozu has staked on a simple design to contain a great deal, what courage he has, what indifference to conventional demands.

His method is one of non-drama, but not in any prosy, naturalistic, flattened sense. He believes, with many Japanese painters and draftsmen, that if you select the right details and present them realistically, you have created an abstraction that signifies a great deal more than detailed realism. The drama, for Ozu, is in life itself, and his task is not to contrive but to reveal.

I hope that viewers will see *Late Spring* after *Tokyo Story*, as I did. The lesser work benefits from a knowledge of the larger one. *Late Spring* is lesser because of one specific and one general matter: the daughter's character is not as sharply drawn as it might have been, her contradictory impulses to go and to stay are not well enough understood (at least to a Westerner), and she becomes a generalized representative of emotional complexes, rather than a clarified person. Hara plays her well, but cannot supply motivations and contradictions that are not in the script. Second, the compass of the film is simply not as great as the later one, and could not be even if the character of the daughter were deeper. *Tokyo Story*, to put it vulgarly, seems to be about everything; *Late Spring* is about one sector of experience.

To see such Ozu hallmarks here as the *tatami* shot and the punctuation-with-empty-places after seeing *Tokyo Story* is to delight in the friendship of a friend; to see *Late Spring* first, because it is not as overwhelming as the other picture, might cause some feeling of disproportion, for a time, between film and method.

But, first or second or in any order, an Ozu work is an opportunity, not a film.

Is it time to mourn for Stacy Keach? When I first saw him some seven or eight years ago, in the Lincoln Center production of *The Country Wife* and in *Macbird*, I thought a really sterling talent had appeared, a man who could grow into a completely apposite yet strikingly individual actor for our times. Christopher Plummer and Fritz Weaver had both affected me the same way when they first came along, actors who combined the size of the classic with the pungency of the immediate, all encased in electric charge. Neither Plummer nor Weaver has fulfilled himself so far, whether for personal or social-cultural reasons. Now Keach shows even earlier signs of faltering. I have watched him frequently on stage and screen. (I decline to select one or the other form as "the" place where an actor fulfills himself in our culture. He can do it in one or the other or both. See Olivier. See von Sydow.) With Keach I have insisted on hoping. Hope deferred maketh the art sick.

I saw him as Hamlet this past spring at

(continued on page 25)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Isherwood's Berlin in its latest, film-musical form. Bob Fosse supplies more clever direction than political or human insight, but it *is* smartly done.

The Candidate. Brightly made, cynical look at electoral merchandising. Robert Redford keen. Not much news in the film and not the whole of American suffrage, but true enough and timely.

The Hospital. Paddy Chayefsky's guts are like his talent—middling. So is this script. But George C. Scott shivers this story of a harassed New York hospital chief with his guts *and* talent.

Malcolm X. A documentary, adequately made, that derives considerable force from the still-electric power of its subject.

La Salamandre. A subtle and troubling film about two TV documentary writers and the working-class girl who is their subject. The director is Alain Tanner, a Swiss newcomer.

The Sorrow and the Pity. An unforgettable documentary, made with mastery, about occupied France and some survivors. Four and a half fascinating hours.

Tokyo Story. A masterpiece: about a Japanese couple in a small town who go to visit their married children in Tokyo. But, inevitably, it is about the passage of life anywhere, everywhere.

SK

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Sedulus on tv

The Press as Mob

The destruction of Tom Eagleton by the press was instructive. I watched four channels and read three newspapers sporadically during the crucial days of the killing, and it seemed to me like a mob scene out of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, remember, didn't like mobs, calling them the mutable, rank-scented many, and suchlike.

A *Washington Star-News* reporter covering Eagleton in Hawaii noted innocently that Eagleton wanted to talk about other things than electric-shock treatment, but that *people* kept wanting to talk about electric-shock treatment. People hell, it was journalists who were the rank-scented many and who wanted to talk, and did, until finally a few of the more sensitive ones began to realize that what they were doing collectively was rank-scented. In San Francisco, for example, an interviewer asked Eagleton if he minded the *hysteria* of the press. He was disarmingly nice, but both he and the reporter seemed to agree that "hysteria" was a good word. It was. In fact only by calling it hysteria can we escape calling it worse; the difference between first and second-degree murder is that one is premeditated.

Right in the middle of the fuss Supreme Court Justice William Douglas stopped the Ellsberg trial pending the resolution of a wiretap complaint from the defense. Douglas' particular point has no bearing here—he was insisting on the right of a defense lawyer to speak in confidence with his client—but he took a whack at the feds *en passant*, observing that "the ear of the government . . . these days seeks to learn more and more of the affairs of men." Yes, and of course the press has been extremely militant about the ear of the government. But what of the ear of the press?

Bad-tempered Charles Dickens visited our country in 1842 and was impressed by our jails and hospitals but distressed by our newspapers and politicoes. His sour concluding remarks included these gems: "You [Americans] carry . . . jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage who . . . disgrace your institutions and your people's choice. . . . For you no sooner set up an idol firmly than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments. . . . Any man who attains a high place among you, from the president downward, may date his downfall from that moment: for any printed lie that any notorious villain pens . . . appeals at once to your distrust and is believed. . . . Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed among you?"

Dickens found a few good journals amidst the "licentious press," but he felt they were helpless against "the moral poison of the bad." The bad he described as a "monster of depravity" against which no "private excellence" was safe from attack. He added that the "press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state."

One might of course ask Charles Dickens to stick to the facts; he did have a penchant for editorializing. The interesting point here, however, is not that he editorialized but that he editorialized against what he thought of as villainy, as evil, whereas what we have before us as subject for editorializing now would seem to be instead a sort of mischance-factor built into our competitive system, a factor that sends hundreds of reporters, cameramen, technicians and all manner of self-appointed instant wisemen chasing without malice (mostly) after political candidates as if on a foxhunt.

The Agnew-Nixon-Clay Whitehead school of thought about the press is still Dickensian, with the Eastern Establishment vaguely cast in the role of villain. I respect and wholeheartedly sympathize with the defensiveness that has developed at the White House in the face of the press's enormous presence, but I do think the White House has found the wrong cause for its trouble. From the high-falutin James Reston right on down to Jack (Scoop) Anderson I don't see villainy, and though I confess that Anderson's notions of how to be competitive strike me as wholly contemptible I think of him as an agent of our media chaos, not in himself a cause. In other words the media *system* has become the cause (the medium is not the message but the tyrant), a system that demands of journalists caught in the system that they traipse around in clusters, like army ants, after the big story. Yes, hysteria is the word rather than villainy.

Yet we probably can distinguish, if only impressionistically, between malicious and neutral news coverage of such an event. In the Washington papers it was the *Star-News* surprisingly that seemed chiefly to have the knife out for Eagleton, with loaded bannerheads for the whole week ("McGovern Ponders" —"McGovern Shifting on Eagleton"— "Eagleton Gets Word Tonight") and with columnist Mary McGrory casting heavy ironies about Eagleton's and McGovern's bad judgment through the back pages. I say the *Star's* role was surprising because the *Post* is now formally Washington's loaded newspaper, an expensively capitalist manifestation of the New Journalism, with hardly a reporter on its enormous staff normally deigning to play a story straight like in the dear old dead gone days. But in this instance the *Post* front page, in headline and copy, was relatively straight-faced about Eagleton, though the editorial page took out after him.

On the tube NBC's John Chancellor was the objective one. He has a fine detachment of manner; there is no malice when he speaks. The other networks were consistently more aggressive, especially CBS, which has developed, I say again impressionistically, a more inquisitorial mode of interviewing (did it all begin with Mike Wallace?) than the others. The inquisition-technique was especially evident on the Sunday think show "Face the Nation" where Eagleton and Anderson confronted each other and where moderator George Herman managed to dig in like a Jewish mother who suspects her son of lying; he started one question by saying "Senator, you sound very decisive and confident," and later got so nosy about the skeletons in Eagleton's closet that Eagleton had to joke that he had "given up pickpocketing for a living," at which point Herman said, "No, I don't mean it as a joke, because you must know

Ira Klafter, production manager of *The New Republic* for the past four years, died in a swimming accident near Annapolis, Maryland, on August 4. We will miss him as a colleague and a friend.

The Editors

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you're under very strict scrutiny." Indeed.

Unfortunately it doesn't seem to matter whether the reportage is aggressive or neutral, so long as it is there for a week or so, propping up before a billion eyes doubts about the candidate's character. Just to have the questions there is enough to kill him off; the results are the same with or without malice. Or, to go back to Dickens, the results are the same whether evil or hysteria runs the show; in either case a politician is destroyed—and destroyed in the Eagleton instance with such thoroughness and dispatch that even Dickens' rhetoric would have trouble rising to the occasion.

All in all what impressed me throughout the proceedings was the dazzling insensitivity of the press to their power role. Mary McGrory, for example, observed in a witty but aggressively judgemental piece following Eagleton's "resignation" that an execution had taken place and that the executioner was—you guess—George McGovern. She didn't mention the press. And in a *New York Times* follow-up there was detailed coverage of the McGovern staff's day-by-day changes of opinion about what the great Eagleton affair signified, yet no attention was paid to who created the significance.

For what it's worth I'm personally undecided about the merits of removing Eagleton from the ticket; his case is a complicated one that will be a good conversation piece for politicoes, historians, psychologists and even ordinary people for a long time. But I do think it is important here to separate the Eagleton case itself from those who moved in to settle the case, and to ask by what particular dispensation from God or Jefferson or even the Democratic Party they did so. For it does seem apparent that in this case we have a stunning contemporary instance of how the press has come inadvertently to display all the tyrannous powers that our country has traditionally feared to be vested in the hands of government. The journalists have set *themselves* up as the appropriate makers and unmakers of a presidential candidate, though candidate-choosing is conventionally thought to be a matter for our political parties and the citizenry as a whole, a matter that the press is expected merely to report on. We do not, I think, have the bad will around us that Dickens attributed to journalists in the 1840s, but if journalists have more rope to run things the way they ran Eagleton, they may well produce the bad will. Then Dickens' loaded words below may come to seem thoroughly appropriate again:

> It is the game of these men and of their profligate organs to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof . . . and thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the furthest from that degradation.

Gerrit Henry on art

Who Fits the Shoe?

There's no doubt about it: "American Geometric Abstraction of the 1930s," organized by Manhattan's Virginia Zabriskie Gallery and touring the country throughout this year under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, is a well-focused, handsome, admirably businesslike show. It includes works by early American abstractionists as well-known as Ilya Bolotowsky and Josef Albers and as rare as Paul Kelpe and Esphyr Slobodkina. All the artists get equal billing, and the general excellence of the 23 paintings and oil/wood constructions on hand can't be denied.

But while all of the works in this period show evidence a uniform quality that goes well beyond the Art Deco, pseudo-futuristic fashions of the day, it's this very uniformity that eventually does them in. There is plenty of good, substantial formalist talent in "Geometric Abstraction," but there is a noticeable lack of greatness. The '30s of course were the period of Franklin Roosevelt's Federal Arts Project and the banal, eccentric but sometimes compelling "American manner" painting of artists like Grant Wood and Thomas Hart Benton, and it is very much the aim of the Zabriskie show to prove that the patriotic realists had their equals, if not their betters, in the realm of abstraction. I'd say equals yes, betters no, and find the favoritism at the Zabriskie a bit heavy.

The '30s, on all the evidence at hand, were not a particularly auspicious period for painters of any stripe. The Depression militated against the creation of great art, openly in the pictures of the regional and social realists, and more subtly in the paintings of the abstractionists. These latter knew what they were doing and did it well, but the results, "pure," biomorphic or expressionist as they may be, were largely academic. To prefer a competent formalism to a competent realism must necessarily prove to be a matter of taste—why, then, all the fuss at Zabriskie?

To answer the question a superficial over-view of the history of modern art in America might be instructive. It is a history of an ongoing battle between realist and abstractionist camps, and the furor began with the Armory Show in 1913, which brought modernistic European styles to these shores. In the '20s cubistically oriented abstraction flourished in the hands of greats like Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley and Georgia O'Keefe; then in the '30s nationalistic realism got the upper hand, and not until after the close of World War II did abstraction again triumph, this time in the golden age of what was known as Action Painting. In the late '50s and early '60s, reaction set in in the form of hyper-realistic Pop art, while hyper-formalistic Op and color field painting paved the way to the '70s. Today, American art is back where it started with the precisionist Photographic Realism of a new realist vanguard.

So much for artistic trends. They are always fuzzy things, these trends, since art history like all history is primarily a convenient systematizing of knowledge, a fiction always subject to change. The show "Geometric Abstraction of the 1930s" is a characteristic up-dating in art perspective of a kind that has been occurring at a dizzying rate in the art world lately. If the Zabriskie show distinguishes itself from others like it it does so largely by its greater interest and integrity. The problem with the exhibition remains one of trying too hard to prove something the proof of which remains in the pudding. We all know there were realists painting during the cubistic '20s just as there were formalists at work during the heyday of Pop, and there are plenty of plastic, lyrical and conceptual abstractionists going against the Photo Realist "grain"

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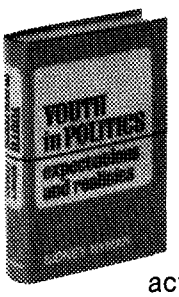
today. But dominance? Primary direction?

"Geometric Abstraction" is one of the better moves in the never-ending, Manhattan-based game of "art history, art history, who's got the art history," but the confusing of art movements with politics goes too far in a recent issue of *New York* magazine where critic Barbara Rose writes about the Zabriskie show. The American public, said Ms. Rose, is prejudiced against any kind of abstract painting, and in the '30s they sneeringly dubbed it "Ellis Island art." On the other hand she says of '30s realism that it is "wretched illustration . . . strictly from the sticks." Then comes the clincher: the American public goes for "an illustrational, brightly colored genre (art). It also appreciates meticulous photographic realism, that looks as if the artist worked hard, that reassures the public he is serious." True enough of large segments of the public; but isn't it also true that with these words Ms. Rose is implicitly taking a stand against realism that is as fiercely biased and imperceptive as that which she detests in anti-formalist critics?

Maybe the problem is that the contemporary world of art criticism expects too much of itself, and too little of art. Where reliance on the traditional judgements of learning, taste and time has disappeared, a reliance on artistic ideology has set in. What strikes one about today's vanguard artists and critics is their incredible, often lacerating self-righteousness. While Zabriskie's is a nicely politic contribution to the realist-abstractionist debate, Ms. Rose's piece is a declaration of war, a late-date turning-up of the heat under earlier formalist doctrine such as this from a catalogue introduction written by abstractionist Ibram Laslaw in 1939. "Direct sensual experience is more real than living in the midst of symbols, slogans, work-out plots, cliches. . . . Reality is something stranger than merely photographic rendering can show. . ."

The appeal is poignant and direct, but unfair. The genius of America's best realists, from Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer on, has always resided in their understanding, and painting of the fact, that reality is something greater and more subtle than photography can account for, as well as in their singular ability to steer clear of cliches, slogans, symbols. Nor should these painters be damned too glibly for their various and unevenly successful attempts to come to artistic grips with that materialistic

How much real political power do the young possess?



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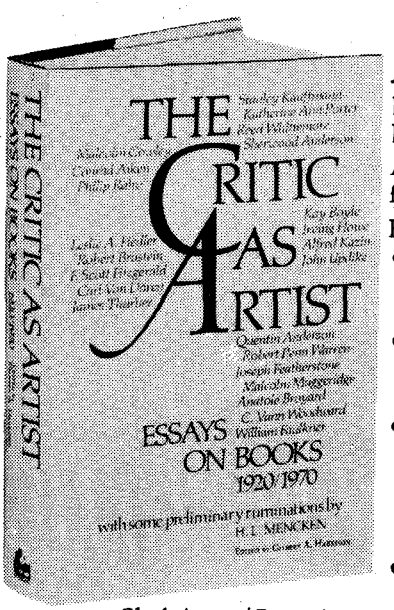

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strain Ms. Rose finds to be so much a part of the American character. If the shoe fits there, one feels like saying to the militant abstractionists, it is almost sure to fit the abstractionists too.

In Brief

Colonel Mint
by Paul West

(Dutton; $6.95)

Recently, *The National Enquirer* printed an interview with an astronaut of the Apollo 15 mission. The captain, home in suburbia, encircled by his statistically average family, spoke reverently of the divine visitation he had experienced during his cosmic orbiting. He stated that he had seen and felt the presence of God while in space. He wished all mankind to know of the celestial encounter and promised to evangelize this contemporary revelation of the Omnipotent. He did not appear to be under any sinister organizational restraint from expressing this apocalyptic message.

Paul West's new novel has a protagonist, the temperate, stolid Colonel Mint, who, while cruising through space with two fellow lunarnauts, alone perceives an angel. Upon returning to earth he reports this divination to his superiors, but they, unlike their living counterparts, react in terror and fury. What, they lip in panic, will happen to materialistic, soulless, militarized Amerika should it become known that the very model of a model lunarnaut has seen an angel, or believes he has perceived one, in fact, may even *be* one? Their response constitutes the novel—a parable so weighted with varicose assumptions that its impact straggles. The three lunarnauts are elaborately sequestered from the rest of the population, two murdered and the unlikely visionary tortured, corrupted and finally encapsulated as the forever everyman—all for the preservation of Sodom, USA. West can be witty, salacious and compassionate, but here his props destroy him. The colloquies between Colonel Mint and his inquisitor Lew R.; the torments administered by assistant Ray Bliss; and the sexual extravaganzas lavished by a hors d'oeuvre named Connie Langoustine, raise the novel's excitement to an inescapable level of sedation.

The Lionheads
by Josiah Bunting

(Braziller; $5.95)

Josiah Bunting wrote his novel while an infantry major assigned to teach English history at West Point. He resigned from the Army in July and has been the subject of increasing national attention. His book relentlessly portrays the rituals of professional advancement in the officer corps, known as "ticket punching."

The narrative primarily deals with four characters. Major General George S. Lemming, the "Lionheads" division commander, works to achieve the highest possible enemy body count in Vietnam while urbanely briefing and entertaining the visiting American civilians. The General correctly understands that his professional advancement depends on his ability to wear both hats simultaneously. Colonel George Robertson is chiefly concerned with minimizing his own casualties, and Major Charles Clairborn, who the author confides is "the most military man in this story," comes to side with Robertson's tactical caution. PFC Paul Compella is the fodder in the piece; he is killed along with other friendlies in a routine engagement.

The real merit of this book is not as literature but in its incisive documentation of the many stress points in the Army's professional officer corps. Despite Bunting's contention that "the characters and the story are fictional," he has in practice modeled his book so closely on officers and situations associated with the Delta-based Ninth Infantry Division in 1968 that many of those who served with the author in Vietnam regard the book as his memoir. A colonel at West Point became so agitated about the field grade and general officers whom he felt the novel discredited that he demanded the Academy bookstore remove it from its shelves, an action that has not been taken. On page after page the author examines the sub-

The Penance

This is the penance: a recurring dream,
This child running down the road, its mouth
A hole filled up with blackness, its little wings
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You can't yet hear its scream but know it's screaming,
Know if it can reach you, it will try to
Hug you and that napalm is contagious,
A deadly foreign plague for darker people.

Nothing can save you—voting, letters, marches—
So you close your eyes. A hundred years
It seems to take, the child getting nearer,
Bigger, maybe not so scared as furious.

Now you hear its scream—a supersonic
Jet-like whine that peels your skin off patch
By patch, and then the face is in your face,
Close as a lover's, eyes as bleak as bullets.

Then black-out till you wake forgetting all,
Forgetting him who felt the burning arms
Around him, but who can't, it seems, save any
Thing that matters though he knows what matters.

So this is the penance: a recurring dream
That you're awake and doing good, loving
The children, saving for their education
And your own retirement—till you close your eyes.

LEONARD NATHAN

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tleties of professional gamesmanship that subvert the actions of even the best intentioned officers. Yet the indignation that the author expresses, and with which many readers will sympathize, is paradoxically grounded in a nostalgic view of American military history that revels in "the tradition of Washington and Lee and Marshall," men "who know their business and who, because they hate war, have soldiered well." This simplistic myth can help no one who accepts it to discover what in our culture has led us to soldier in Vietnam for so long and at such grievous cost.

The Chicanos
by Matt S. Meier and Feliciano Rivera

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.50, paper $1.95)

Of late, Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest have shown increasing signs that they are tired of being looked down upon, bullied, herded about as members of various migrant "streams," driven to work and work at back-breaking jobs for a pittance. As militancy rises, newspaper stories and magazine articles appear—and soon enough, the books. This one is especially good; it is not long or pretentious, nor is it especially polemical. Rather the authors in a quiet but determined way want to educate their readers, presumably the Anglos.

History can be a forceful teacher, and so it is well that the authors begin by telling us who the Chicano is, how he emerged from that dramatic and prolonged encounter between the North American Indians and the Spanish soldiers and mercenaries who crossed the Atlantic out of greed and soon enough mixed their blood and words and values with those of their victims. Eventually much of Spain's conquests became our property, and as in our dealings with the Indians nothing was going to prevent this nation's "manifest destiny," the property of its Anglo people, from being fulfilled. The result today is a condition of sorts: seven million people, members of our second largest minority (in the Southwest they are our largest minority) living the lives this book documents. Spanish-speaking children, even when they are an overwhelming majority in a school system, are told to speak English—or else. Spanish-speaking families earn less money than their Anglo counterparts, often are mischievously and arbitrarily denied the vote, let alone adequate public services. Anyone who has gone into the *barrios* of San Antonio or Albuquerque, or traveled amid the *colonias* of the Rio Grande Valley in South Texas, knows what it means for people to be so thoroughly a part of this nation's history, yet excluded from its wealth.

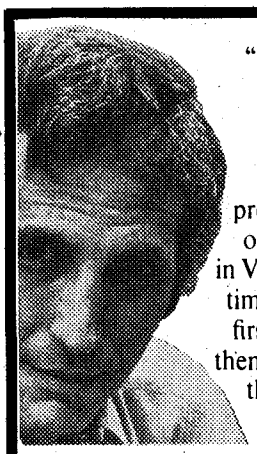
It would be nice if a few Texas Rangers, so exclusively Anglo, so powerful and sure of themselves, so willing to use force to keep "them" in line, were to read what Meier and Rivera have to say, and even nicer if senators like John Tower or Barry Goldwater, or Peter Dominick, who represent so many Chicanos, also dipped into these pages. But those strong and influential senators have limited time, and have long ago learned whose voices to heed, the voices of the owners of factory-farms rather than of men and women who without exaggeration can simply be called subjects.

Between Two Moons
By Raymond Mungo
(Beacon; $7.50)

Tropical Detective Story
by Raymond Mungo
(Dutton; $4.95)

Raymond Mungo has the notion that he is one of the few humans who is living, really living, and so he feels it his duty to tell us *all* about it. With two books (whose characters and events overlap constantly) being published by two different publishers in the same season, he could be said to be in a state of overwrite. Let it then be said. He should be taxed by the word.

It doesn't matter that one book is announced as a detective story and the other as a screenplay. They are both about Mungo, his commune, his travels, his loves, his hallucinations. We are treated to the suicide of commune "leader" Fox (and his subsequent apparent reincarnation in another commune in Costa Rica), to the attempted suicide of Mungo himself posing ineffectively as one Dennis Lunar, to rented rooms in Paris and Ireland, swimming pools in Miami—but we don't really see any of this because our "crazy dark-spectacled junkie/saint child"



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author is so "full of wonderment" that he can only rarely descend to the plains of plain exposition. In an earlier day Richard Halliburton's romance with travel led him to verbal diarrhea about the world around him—pages of adjectives about the Taj Mahal—but now to travel romantically is to head off in a haze with a handful of joints in each boot for all the world's beds. Mungo can write with great perceptiveness about other matters than himself when he wants to, but in these two books he hasn't wanted to. He cannot even refrain from taking us with him, at the end of one of these manuscripts, to his publisher's—every little bit helps pad it out. Let us pray for a few month's silence from this fine talent.

Voices from the Plain of Jars
compiled by Fred Branfman

(Harper Colophon; $1.95)

"To this day, the vast majority of people both in the United States and abroad do not have the slightest inkling of what occurred on the Plain of Jars between 1964 and 1969," notes Fred Branfman in his introduction to this anthology of Laotian essays and drawings. There is a fairytale quality to the bucolic narratives and stickmen pictures included in the volume and made by the peasants who survived the "war of the airplanes," but behind the fairytale are 25,000 bombing missions which dropped more than 75,000 tons of bombs on civilian villages.

"In September, 1969, after a recorded history of seven hundred years, the Plain of Jars disappeared." The introduction tells us what was there before America wiped it out. It also illustrates the human consequences "of superpower intervention through secret, automated war," where technicians design the destruction of a country they never saw and no one will ever see again. Before the area was leveled by American bombers it had survived centuries of invasions as one of the most important (fought-over) parts of Southeast Asia; but when the Pathet Lao gained control of the Plain in 1964 the United States, reluctant to open up another front in the escalating Vietnam war, sent in its planes. So now the Plain of Jars is a piece of military history comparable to Hiroshima.

A 13-year-old Laotian, retelling his experience, wrote:

> At that time my life was filled with great happiness, for the mountains and forests were beautiful: land, water, and climate were suitable for us. And there were many homes in our little village.
>
> But that did not last long, because the airplanes came bombing my ricefield until the bomb craters made farming impossible. And the village was hit and burned. And some relatives working in the fields came running out to the road to return to the village but the airplanes saw and shot them—killing these farmers in a most heartrending manner. We heard their screams, but could not go to help them. When the airplanes left, we went out to help them, but they were already dead.

The Baby Bust
by George Grier

(The Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies; $2.50
1717 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Washington, DC)

The Baby Bust begins with two indisputable facts: first, the post-1958 decline in average family size in this country, which most demographers believed had leveled out by the late 1960s, has resumed its downward trend, to the point where average family size is approaching the "replacement level" of 2.1 children per family, the level which, if we cut out immigration, would lead the nation eventually to zero population growth; and second, anything *might* happen. For example, if trends of the last decade continue, our average family size might drop substantially below the 1.9 children per family needed for eventual stabilization with present rates of immigration. The author of *Baby Bust*, George Grier, calls this "over-

Notes on Contributors

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swing" and suggests that we might "overswing" so rapidly that we would reach zero population growth within the 1970s. Nowhere are we told how low average family size would have to drop to achieve this; most demographers would put the figure at around 1.3 children per woman—an occurrence quite literally without historical precedent in any industrial nation. Grier cites no evidence that such a radical change is in the making, but he does say it would have disastrous effects on the economy, thereby suggesting it is something to watch for and fear.

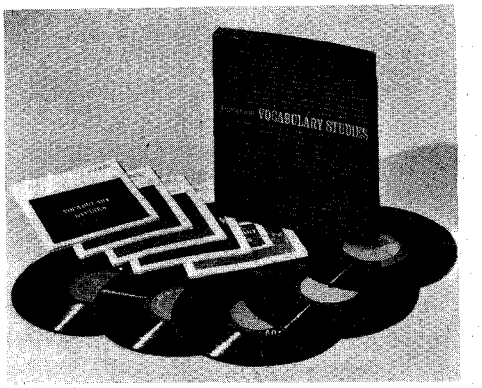
The Rockefeller Population Commission has warned us against this kind of fear-mongering: "If it should happen that, in the next few years, our rate of reproduction falls to replacement level or below, we could experience a strong counterreaction. In the United States in the 1930s, and in several foreign countries, the response to sub-replacement fertility has been a cry of anxiety over the national prosperity, security and virility. . . . The growth ethic seems to be so imprinted in human consciousness that it takes a deliberate effort of rationality and will to overcome it, but the effort is now desirable."

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven, a poor production in which Keach seemed to want credit for not offering any radical new interpretation, for hewing to the traditional line. But it was the kind of traditional performance that has made other people look for new ways to do the part, a dull workhorse portrayal. Colors were washed out, readings were prosaic or disjointed, and there was nothing at all of the half-world shadows through which Hamlet wanders. To do a traditional performance truly is to shun impasting anything on the play, to plumb the text as such; Keach stated.

Now we get two Keach films, both of which were presumably made before *Hamlet*. *The New Centurions* (Columbia) presents him as a Los Angeles policeman, who joins the force in order to support his wife and child while he is studying law, falls in love with policing, loses wife and child, loses purpose, becomes a bully and a drunk. The script kept reminding me of Mackinlay Kantor's *Signal 32*, brought up to date. Keach is asked to supply what, for instance, a younger Kirk Douglas might have given it—the force of personality in a role that is fairly trite and merely outlined. Keach doesn't have that kind of overflowing personality, no self to sell; he has to act or he is lost. George C. Scott, as an older mentor, also has a stock role but he has personality. The contrast does Keach little good. He simply doesn't command. *Fat City* (Columbia) gives Keach a character to act, but he sloughs it off. First, a look at this John Huston film, which is supposed to be a comeback for its director but is even less so than *Frenzy* is for Hitchcock. It's a pugilistic *Lower Depths*, dealing with third-rate boxers in and around Stockton, California, and it is chockfull of facile clever shooting, editing and typology. The script, by Leonard Gardner from his greatly overrated novel of the same name, seems based on the belief that if you take a conventional fight picture and simply eliminate the *Body and Soul* plottiness, the residue will automatically be stark and true. But the residue is simply another order of cliche, a bit more high-toned. As I watched this story of pugs not making it, turning to drink, getting battered, being forced to work as onion and fruit pickers, floating around grimy streets, I kept thinking that life is really a lot tougher than that. This is glib tragedy, done with glib fictional-film symbols.

And it's not helped by Huston's tired attempts at wowie-zowie direction. For instance, as a defeated fighter leaves his dressing-room and walks down the empty corridor to return to his hotel, the



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lights switch off over his head. I think I got the point. And in this purportedly naturalistic epic, Huston permits Susan Tyrrell to give a performance as an alcoholic broad that stinks of greasepaint and artifice.

Keach had the ability and the chance to give a performance, however, as Paul Newman and James Cagney have given in comparable roles, and he is simply too lazy or atrophied or coddled to work at it. Watch Keach's face, his patterns of visual response and inquiry, and you'll see that they are often Keach, unrelated to the man he is supposed to be. Listen to the vocal patterns and speech, and you'll hear, save for a few superficial "smudges," that Yale is crowding through. None of this is a matter of academic nicety but of central vigor and rigor, which Keach doesn't seem to bother about much any more.

I hope this requiem is premature. The Keach qualities I saw in *Indians*, in a misconceived *Coriolanus*, were those of a genuine actor. He seems to have found that he can get by with doing less. My plaints may sound odd, I know, in the face of his mounting success, but, to put it selfishly, it's not the success I had imagined for him. Well, maybe he'll meet some directors who understand what he has and is not using, and who will jar him alive again. This (present) mourner certainly hopes so.

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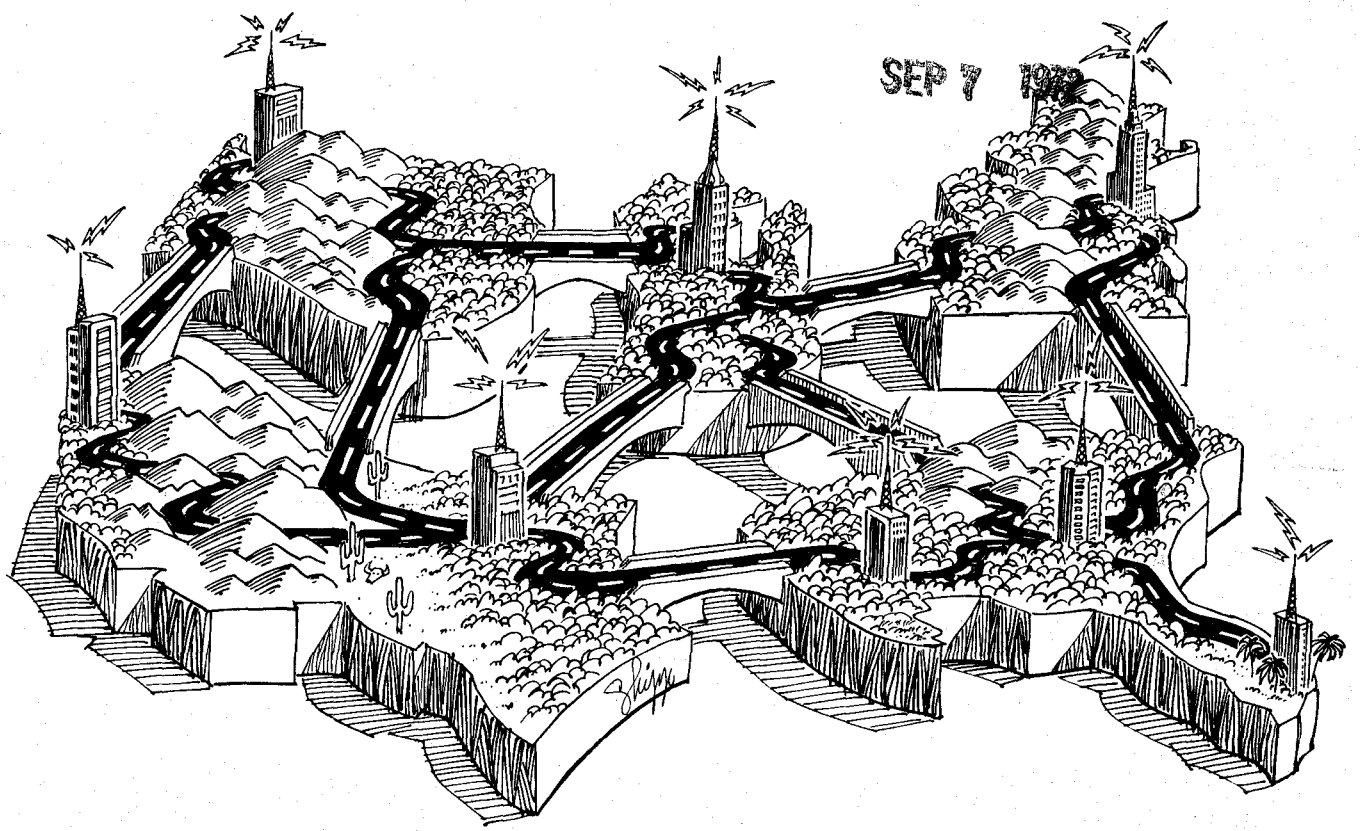
America's Energy Crisis:

The Case for a Nationwide Power Network



Our country, once a land of isolated communities, is bound together today by networks of many kinds . . . highway, railroad, radio, television, telephone.

Yet, as we flounder in the midst of a mounting energy crisis, we still do not have a nationwide network for sending electricity to where it's needed, when it's needed . . . shuttling kilowatts, for instance, from sleeping California to up-and-about New York.

People in this nation have the right to expect dependable electric service, and we of America's consumer-owned rural electric systems believe development of a coast-to-coast electric power network—or grid—taking advantage of time and climate differences within our vast country, is long overdue. We urge the federal government to authorize *now* a comprehensive engineering study for determining the steps required to link America's power systems into a nationwide grid.

Such a network would enable our nation to use energy resources wisely . . . match supply with demand . . . and help reach the primary objective of ensuring reliable electric service for all Americans, for national security and consumer health, safety and convenience. This network can best be achieved within the present pluralistic ownership structure of the electric industry. But realization should not depend solely upon rate-of-return economics or investment feasibility; the ultimate criterion of worth must be performance in the public interest. This means government assistance where important elements of a unified grid system cannot otherwise be financed.

It becomes clearer each day that if we, as a nation, are to solve our complex energy problems, we must undertake long-term R & D to develop new—and improve existing—means of producing and delivering electric power. We must *also* use to the fullest extent technical capabilities we already have . . . or we run the grave risk of neither protecting our environment nor meeting our energy needs.

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